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The Seed

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SEED

CHICAGO VOL. 7 NO. 4 35¢



SEE PAGE TWO

ALICE in ACID LAND

Summer was a boring time of year for Alice. School was out and she hadn't been able to find a summer job. Just going to the park every day sitting under a tree with her cat Dinali and a stack of comic books.

And Alice had gotten more and more irritated at the men who came through the park and tried to pick her up. They usually weren't very subtle.

So when her older sister offered her a new experience, she jumped at the chance. Her sister Mary Ellen gave her ten tabs of acid—little purple microdots. Alice had never taken acid before. But she'd heard a lot about it, from both Mary Ellen and her friends.

Mary Ellen said that in a lot of ways acid was like a truth serum—it helped you see through things—see things differently—see through disguises.

"What should I do after I swallow them?" Alice asked.

"Don't take them all at once," Mary Ellen said, "just one at a time. And don't take the next one too soon—wait a week or two. As to where you should go and what you should do, I have a number of suggestions. Acid experiences are called trips—usually they're trips into the recesses of your mind. Why don't you make your first ones trips into the world also? Visit a few places you haven't been before."

"Like what?" Alice asked.

"Well, let's see...how about a courtroom for one thing—that's always revealing."

"That does sound interesting and maybe educational," Alice said. (Alice was always a little bit on the serious side, although the idea of the acid adventures *had* excited her.)

"And when you return, I'll have lots of other ideas about places you could visit," Mary Ellen said. "Just remember: whatever you do, don't get too upset over what you see and hear. We'll talk over you experience with you when you get back."

So the next day, Alice got up early, took a bath, put on her good clothes and rode the bus to 26th and California, swallowing one of the purple pills on the way. Forty minutes later, getting off the bus, she started feeling a little dizzy—and there were other, strange feelings that she couldn't quite describe.

She went inside and was searched. She rode the elevator up to a courtroom on the 2nd floor.

Court hadn't yet started. There was a baliff standing there smiling at her. At first she ignored him. Sitting in an enclosed area were a number of truly wretched looking creatures. Some of them looked simply tired. Some looked thin and hungry. Several had their arms in casts.

Her curiosity getting the better of her, she struck up a conversation with the baliff, and as their talk began, his face swam in her eyes and was transformed into a horse face shape—all white. In her mind, she thought of him as looking as a White Knight of a chess game.

"Who are these poor unfortunates in this miserable bullpen?" asked Alice, a sympathetic tear in her eye.

"They are guilty of free speech," said the White Knight.

"Please don't tease me," said Alice. "Persons cannot be charged with free speech."

"Who said anything about charging them with free speech?" demanded the White Knight. "They aren't charged with anything of the sort. Free speech is only what they're guilty of."

"Well, then, what is the charge against them?"

"They are charged with being vagrants."

"But they aren't vagrants. I even recognize several as neighbors of mine."



"Certainly not. But you can't deny that they are guilty of free speech."

"I thought that the only person who could be charged with vagrancy was a tramp."

"What a primitive notion! Tramps are never charged with vagrancy."

"What are they charged with, then?"

"With burglary."

"But they aren't necessarily guilty of burglary."

"No, perhaps not. But they are guilty of vagrancy."



And if you treat them exactly in the right way, they'll plead guilty to burglary. I have you there."

"Well, then," said Alice, "am I to understand that if you are guilty of one thing, you are always accused of being guilty of something else?"

"I beg your pardon," said the Knight haughtily, "I am not guilty of anything."

"I used the word 'you' only because one gets confused if one uses 'one' in one's sentences."

"Objection overruled," said the White Knight, "Answer yes or no."

"Answer yes or no to what?" (Alice was getting very confused now.)

"To the charge."

"But I'm not charged with anything."

"Perhaps not, but you will be."

"Why?" asked Alice.

"Because you are kind-hearted."

"Being kind-hearted is no crime."

"Not a crime, exactly, perhaps, but it can be an official inconvenience."



"I hope you will not be impatient with me," said Alice, "I'm really quite interested in this system and I would like to know more about it."

"Please choose your words more carefully. You sound like a spy, and if I thought you were, I would be compelled—on my conscience as a citizen—to have you arrested on a charge of resisting arrest."

"But I haven't resisted arrest."

"If a policeman tried to arrest, you, wouldn't you resist?"

"Of course, I haven't done anything."

"You see, you're guilty already."

"Oh," said Alice (a little exasperated) "let's change the subject. Who is that man surrounded by guards?"

"That," said the White Knight, "is a Dangerous Criminal."

"Oh, a murderer."

"Certainly not. More dangerous than a murderer, He is a thinker."

"It's not a crime to think."

"No, but it's a crime to obstruct traffic."

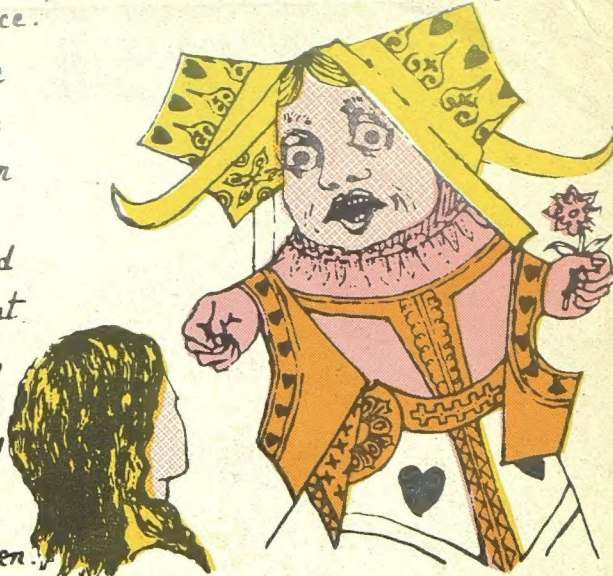
"How did he do that?"

"Now for the evidence," said the King, "and then the sentence."

"No!" said the Queen, "first the sentence, and then the evidence!"

"Nonsense!" cried Alice, so loudly that everybody jumped, "the idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen.



"He said it was ridiculous for the judge to drunkenly drive to court to sentence men to jail for driving while intoxicated."

"I don't see what that has to do with obstructing traffic."

"That's exactly the beauty of it—it has nothing to do with it. That makes it so much easier to prove."

"The whole system," said Alice, "is silly."

"Nothing of the kind," said the White Knight. "If you hate your neighbor, you call up the police and say that his automobile is parked without a tail light. That is our system exactly. Only we carry it a step further. Our system has been made so perfect that the tail light doesn't have to be out. It can be proved that it might go out—that it's potentially out."

"By the same token, you see, people might gather in groups to discuss the opinions of the man who says a drunken judge oughten't sentence drunks. And *that* might obstruct traffic."

"The whole system seems to be predicated on the word 'might,'" said Alice.

"Might," said the White Knight, "makes right. The whole thing in a nutshell is this:

"It's much easier to convict a man of something he didn't do. So if a man is guilty of passing out leaflets, we charge him with littering the street. If he is picketing, we charge him with loitering. If he writes a book that doesn't agree with our economic notions, we declare it obscene and arrest him. If he thinks workers have as much right to the good things of life as executives, we charge him with violation of the Mann act."

"If the charge doesn't stick, we try another. If you charge a man with the crime he really committed, your prosecution is limited to one count. If you charge him with something else, you have the whole book of statutes to choose from."

"If a man gets free on four or five various charges, we commit him to an insane asylum."

What about when he gets free of everything?" Alice asked.

"Once in a while that happens. But by that time, he has spent all his money on litigation, his reputation is ruined and he has spent as much time in jail as he would have spent on the original charge anyway."

"Then," said Alice, in sad bewilderment, "am I to understand that most of the people in jail are innocent?"

"Everyone," said the White Knight, tolerantly but wearily... "everyone in the world, my dear child, is innocent of something."

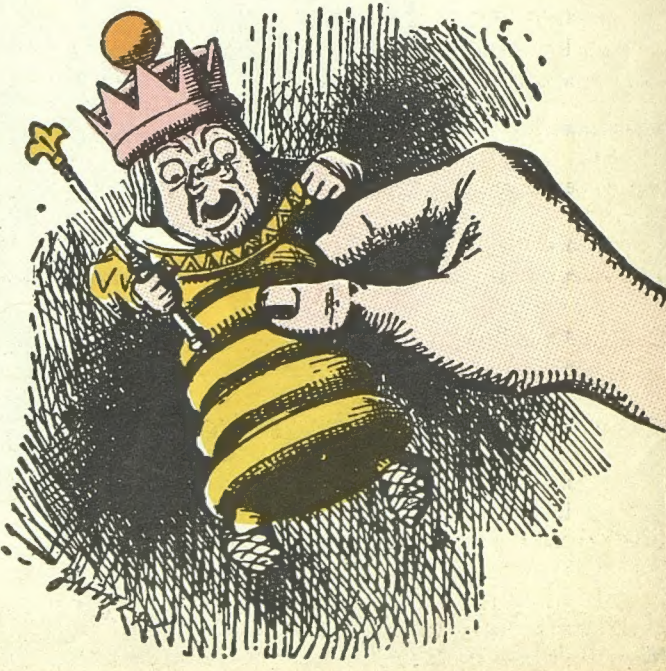
"SILENCE IN THE COURTROOM," the judge yelled, entering. "Step up here for the sentences."

"Sentences?" Alice whispered to the White Knight, "what about the trial and verdicts?"

"Don't worry," he said, "we'll get around to those eventually."

—Bernie, Jake Falstaff and Lewis Carroll

NEXT ISSUE: Alice visits a summer school class.



IT'S HARD TO BE ALIVE AND OBSOLETE

What, fat, forty-three, and I dare to think I'm still a person? No, I am an invisible lump. I belong to a category labelled *a priori* without interest to anyone. I am not even expected to interest myself. A middle-aged woman is comic by definition.

In this commodity culture, we are urged and coerced into defining ourselves by buying objects that demonstrate that we are, or which tell us that they will make us feel young, affluent, fashionable. Imagine a coffee table with the best-sellers of five years ago carefully displayed. You giggle. A magazine that is old enough — say, a *New Yorker* from 1944 with the models looking healthy and almost buxom in their padded jackets—or a dress that is far enough gone not to give the impression that perhaps you had not noticed fashions had changed, can become campy and delightful. But an out-of-date woman is only embarrassing.

The mass media tell us all day and all evening long that we are inadequate, mindless, ugly, disgusting in ourselves. We must try to resemble perfect plastic objects, so that no one will notice what we really are. In ourselves we smell bad, shed dandruff, our breath has an odor, our hair stands up or falls out, we sag or stick out where we shouldn't. We can only fool people into liking us by using magic products that make us products, too.

Women, especially, are commodities. There is always a perfect plastic woman. Girls are always curling their hair or ironing it, binding their breasts or padding them. Think of the girls with straight hips and long legs skulking through the 1890's with its women defined as having breasts the size of pillows and hips like divans. Think of the Rubens woman today forever starving and dieting and crawling into rubber compression chambers that mark her flesh with livid lines and squeeze her organs into knots.

If a girl were to walk into a party in the clothes of just five or six years past, in the make-up and hairstyle of just that slight gap of time, no one would want to talk to her, no man would want to dance with her. Yet what has all that to do with even a man and a woman in bed? This is not only the middle-class I am talking about. I have seen hippies react the same way to somebody wearing old straight clothes.

It is a joke, but a morbid one. My daughter has a girlfriend who always laughs with her hand up to her mouth because she is persuaded her teeth are yellow, and that yellow teeth are hideous. She seems somber and never will she enjoy a natural belly laugh. Most young girls walk around with the conviction that some small part of their anatomy (nose, breasts, knees, chin) is so large or so small or so misshapen that their whole body appears to be built around that part, and all of their activities must camouflage it.

My daughter is a senior in college. She already talks about her "youth" with a sad nostalgia. She is worried because she is not married. That she has not met anyone that she wants to live that close to, does not seem to figure into her anxiety. Everything confirms in her a sense of time passing, that she will be left behind, unsold on the shelf. She already peers in the mirror for wrinkles and buys creams and jellies to rub into her skin. Her fear angers me but leaves me helpless. She is alienated from her body because her breasts are big and do not stand out like the breasts of store mannequins. She looks twenty-one. I look forty-three.



I want to beg her not to begin worrying, not to let in the dreadful daily gnawing already. Everyone born grows up, grows older, and ages every day until he dies. But every day in seventy thousand ways this society tells a woman that it is her sin and her guilt that she has a real living body. How can a woman respect herself when every day she stands before her mirror and accuses her face of betraying her, because every day she is, indeed, a day older.

Everything she reads, every comic strip, every song, every cartoon, every advertisement, every book and movie tells her that woman over thirty is ugly and disgusting. She is a bag. She is to be escaped from. She is no longer an object of prestige consumption. For her to have real living sexual desires is obscene. Her touch is thought to contaminate. No man "seduces" a woman older than him: there is no conquest. It is understood she would be "glad for a touch of it." Since she would be glad, there can be no pleasure in the act. Either this society is mad or I am mad. It is considered incredible, that a woman might have had experiences that are valuable or interesting and that have enriched her as a person. No, man may mature, but women just obsolesce.

All right, says the woman, don't punish me! I won't do wrong! I won't get older! Now, if a woman has at least an upper-middle-class income, no strong commitments such as a real career or a real interest in religion or art or politics; if she has a small family and hired help; if she has certain minimal genetic luck; if she has the ability to be infinitely fascinated by her own features and body, she may continue to present a youthful image. She can prolong her career as sexual object, lying about her age, rewriting her past to keep the chronology updated, and devoting herself to the cultivation of her image. Society will reward her greatly. Women in the entertainment industry are allowed to remain sexual objects (objects that are prestigious to use or own — like Cadillacs) for much of their lives.

To be told when you have half your years still to wade through and when you don't feel inside much different than you did at twenty (you are still you!—you know that!), to be told then that you are cut off from expressing yourself sexually and often even in friendship, drives many women crazy—often literally so.

Don't tell me that it is human nature for a woman to cease to be attractive early. In a primitive society a woman who is still useful—in that by all means far more humane definition than ours—will find a mate, whom she may share as she shares the work with his other wives. Black women are more oppressed on the job and in almost every other way in this society than white women, but at least in the ghetto men go on assuming a woman is sexual as long as she thinks so, too.

Earlier mythology in which "the widow" is a big sex figure, French novels in which the first mistress is always an older woman, the Wife of Bath, all reinforce my sense that there is nothing natural about women's obsolescence.

I was divorced five years ago. Don't tell me I should have "held on to my husband." We let go with great relief. Recently he has married a woman in her late twenties. It is not surprising he should marry someone younger: most people in this society are younger than my ex-husband. In my job, most of the people I meet are younger than I am, and the same is true of people who share my interests, from skiing to resistance to the war in Vietnam.

When my daughter was little I stayed home, but luckily for me I returned to work when she entered school. I say luckily, because while I believe my ex-husband has an obligation to help our daughter, I would never accept alimony. I can get quite cold and frightened imagining what would have happened if I had stayed home until my divorce, and then, at thirty-eight, tried to find work. I used to eat sometimes at a lunchroom where the rushed and overworked waitress was in her late forties. She had to cover the whole room, and I used to leave her larger tips than I would someone else because to watch her made me conscious of women's economic vulnerability. She was gone one day and I asked the manager at the cash register about her. "Oh, the customers didn't like her. Men come in here, they want to see a pretty face."

I have insisted on using a pseudonym in writing this article because the cost of insisting I am not a cipher would be fatal. If I lost my job, I would have an incredible time finding another. I know I will never "get ahead." Women don't move up through the shelves of a business automatically or by keeping their mouths shut. I could be mocked into an agony of shame for writing this—but beyond that, I could so easily be let go.

(continued on page 10 →)

they kissed each other
hello

and goodbye
as the elevator shook the room.
and they knew that
the only thing that lasts
is change.

Summer wanderings. Beginnings and ends of new experiences. Peter and Maralee just got back from truckin around California—that State of golden promises which is about to take Virginia away from us for a few weeks, and devour Diane—for a few years? And Rich will be back in a while too—if he doesn't fall off a mountain in Wyoming or eat a poison mushroom. But in the meantime, Murf has arrived, and Mary Kaye and Becky are no longer on the periphery—but right in there, with the rest of us.

So while we're not real clear on who's around to

put out this issue of the SEED (Volume 7, no. 4), you can be sure it got done, because you're looking at it now. Various parts of us are still here at 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago, Ill. 60614 (phone 929-0133). And we still come out bi-monthly and this issue is dated July 30. You can have a year's subscription for \$6, and application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at the Post Office in Chicago.

As far as we can tell, this issue was brought to you by the following Seedlings and friends: Bernie, Becky Murf, Diane, Rich, Peter, Mary Kay, Maralee, Rita, Earl, Virginia, Uncle Martin, F.L.O.F.A., Alice, Lewis Carol, Donovan, Robert Birnbaum, Janet, Chuck Morton, all the dogs and cats and mice and rats, Zoe Moss and Sisterhood IS Powerful, Jake Falstaff, Steve Ambush, Charlie the dog where are you?, LNS, and all the community groups who gave us news and stories,

and all the street-sellers (YOU TOO can be one, just stop by!) as well as Jamie.

We still want/need stuff by you—articles, poetry, photographs and grafix. And if you happen to have the following items on hand, we could use them too: postage stamps, 11x14 inch manilla envelopes, exacto knives, rapidographs, magic markers (black), border tapes, IBM selectric composer typewriter ribbons, scotch tape, and just anything else.

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Hello again to all readers in Monroe, Washington prison! Jail the jailers!

LIBERATION BITTERNESS BLUES
(to some men I know, especially C., R., and S.)

Yes it's all true what you say what you feel:
I'm a child, a flirt or worse, a beggar for your affections,
and I judge on appearance and style.
I'm dependent yet callous
to the men I've been close to
and I know what is meant by cold-hearted fucking.
Yes, it's all true and there's hard changing I've got to do
but
I have some questions too:
If I am the child, who are you?
If I am the beggar, who are you?
Madness, it says above my mirror, is a two-edged razor blade.
I try hard to remember when any of you
ever tried to help me be
less a child beggar flirt.
I know you have comforted me—
my father comforted me too.

I think you like your place well enough.
"Poor Dida—too bad she's so fucked up."
After all, the brothers got to get together
no matter what perverse new myths
of male invulnerability tangle into
liberated brotherhood.
You, you say I slept with your friends
to make trouble, hurt you and them—in the mid-
for attention and power.
This seems true in part, and a brutal truth for me.
But what do you think it's like
starving day after day for touch and tenderness
(afraid to ask for too much from women)
sleeping at night with a cold-faced stranger (you)?
(No, it wasn't so often like that, but this is a poem from my hatred,
and my hatred is also true.)
Yes, I've done bad things, sick things, murder,
but you don't have to be (in your gentle way)
so goddamned self-righteous.
You who gave me a week of the greatest suffering and humiliation
in my life—for no other reason than that you couldn't say strongly
that one of us had to leave
(and for months feeling trapped and in pain and saying very little—
I don't understand who you think you weren't killing).
And you, master game-player, who tells me I'm insane for playing games
and you, my gay friend—well, I think you know
about cold-hearted fucking as well as I do.

It's strange—
I'm single, political, reasonably bright,
and I always feel with "liberated men" that I'm treated as an equal
and so somehow when I lose
It's because I'm the more fucked up but you
don't have to work the shitty jobs I do
or walk down the street to be grabbed at and hassled
in constant cold terror from the fear of rape or murder,
and you haven't been taught from the cradle
to be a whore all your life.
Don't treat me as your goddamned equal!
You are institutionally my oppressor
and I resent the liberated brother
getting his cock sucked into oblivion by his liberated brother
if he doesn't understand he is still my jailor—
is, will always be unless
we build a different cradle for all of us.

I'm sorry if I make it hard for the men I know
to love and make love with each other.
Some of that's just bitterness, black craziness
(changing slowly, some, with sister-love),
but there's more to it than that:
You've got the power, brothers, in this country,
and I won't believe your liberation
'till I see how the power moves.

—Dida

OUR SCHOOL

A LINCOLN PARK
ALTERNATIVE SCHOOL

Masses of people in Amerika have only had the right to free (relatively) public education for the past 150 years or so. That right had to be fought for--people had to struggle together to get it. And now the state has massive facilities, womanpower, manpower and, especially, money, at its disposal for education. It uses these resources to socialize Amerikan children to the point where they'll direct their adult energies to the furtherance of state values and maintenance of the state itself. Public schools teach children to be consumers and producers of things; to disregard people. It reinforces racism, sexism, all the isms, in order to keep the people divided and powerless to express their frustration with a system that oppresses them. A response to all this that seems to be growing pretty rapidly is the free school movement.

I talked with Rosemary and Frank, two of the people involved in starting Our School in Lincoln Park next fall. They have felt all the frustration of having their children fucked over and manipulated by public schools and they're trying to get a decent alternative together. But what makes them different from other parents and teachers in the free school movement that I've had contact with, is that they do not see free schools as a long-term viable alternative to public school. They're keeping contact with their neighborhood public school and serving on its advisory board, even though they can't subject their own children to that oppression.

Rosemary and Frank feel that the basic right to free public education must be maintained, so that when massive social change is finally effected, all the educational resources now in the hands of the ruling class can be used by the people. Free schools as they are now, are really just an interim thing. People in the free school movement do not have anywhere near the resources of public schools. And free schools are not an alternative for most Amerikan parents because there are so few schools and because there is so little awareness even of their existence. The value of working on a free school and having your children in one lies in the school's freedom to try out non-oppressive ways to educate, and to develop models for education that can eventually be incorporated into public schools when they are freed from the state.

Right now, of course, public schools are not freed from the state, so Rosemary and Frank are working with other people involved in opening Our School. All of them want "to encourage their children's creativity, capacity for self-discipline, and to increase their awareness of and sensitivity to other people. Our School's approach is the "open classroom method of organization, low student-teacher ratio and a deep respect for the rights of our children." There will be no formal curriculum,

no group teaching, no required classwork--only a labyrinth of opportunities to challenge each individual child in his/her own way at his/her own time... The school can be no more than the relationship between us all as parents, teachers and children."

Our School has five children already (age 4-12) and would like to have about twenty. Tuition is \$50 a month per family. There are three male teachers and one woman on the staff. Parents do and will participate in the school, but the exact relationships have not all been worked out as yet. At this point, the school will physically exist in the building where Rosemary and Frank live at 819 W.

Armitage. They hope to spend most of the time outdoors until it gets too cold.

If you're interested in being involved in Our School, or having your children involved, you should call Rosemary or Frank at 281-6682 or Kim or Jim at 525-3353. If you have art supplies, toys, books or any other equipment you think they could use, they'd be glad to have them. And, finally, if you'd like to try to do something about public schools, you can contact the one in your neighborhood to find out what community participation programs they have that you can participate in.

--Virginia



a child will
learn unless
he's taught

Enrolling now
for Fall 1971

525-3353
jim or kim
281-6682
rosemary

FREE FOOD-FREE SCHOOL

I had to get up at 7:30 a.m. (the earliest I've been up in months) just to get there--People's Information Center at 2156 N. Halsted and we were there at 8:30 sharp. Needless to say, at that time of the morning I don't expect myself to show much enthusiasm but this thing was so great you'd have to work at not being enthusiastic.

Food? Scrambled eggs, pancakes, ham, toast, fruit milk and cereal--take your choice. A lot of city-run free breakfast programs put limits on what each child can have but this "one piece of bacon" stuff is rather contradictory to such a program. One woman working there said, "We want every child to eat as much as it takes to feel full." The food is donated to the center, mostly by smaller stores. "Large chain stores," I was told, "don't seem to be into donating anything unless it's at Xmas time."

During the morning, approximately 20-25 children were fed some of whom stayed to attend the Liberation school (at Holy Covenant Church, Wilton & Diversey).

The atmosphere was certainly what impressed me the most. We hadn't been there more than a few minutes when a woman came up, introduced herself and showed a desire to help us in any way she could. She told us we were welcome to ride along to the Libera-

tion school at 10. This turned out to be more of a sacrifice than it first seemed because all 8 or 9 of us had to go in one, rather small, dilapidated car used collectively by a few people at the Center.

The greatest part of the whole trip was the School itself. When we came in about 30-40 people were dancing around singing a freedom type spiritual:

"This train bound for freedom. Children get on board...."

Someone gave a very simple explanation of the Cuban revolution, explaining that July 26 was the anniversary. Although the younger children ran and played quite oblivious to this story, the older ones were obviously acquainted with it already. The mentioning of Fidel Castro and Che brought on clapping and cheering from many. The children were very enthusiastic about a planned celebration to coincide with what will be happening in Cuba.

On Thursdays Rapid Transit Theatre sends people to supervise impromptu plays by the kids. Actually, little or no real supervision takes place as "adults" & children relate on an equal level. Plays this Thursday were about schools and how the children felt about them. There was no forced participation and a lot of the "younguns" went down in the basement to do

chin-ups on the pipes. But those who remained put on an amazing display of the hostility even grade-schoolers have for the city schools. In every play, there were examples of brutality from teachers. The subtle insight into bureaucratic workings was unbelievable as children-teachers unfailingly gained support from children-principals and stood constant against students and parents. But since these were only stories, authority was consistently overthrown.

The most beautiful thing displayed was the spirit and confidence of the kids. There seemed to be no one cowering in the corner--afraid to participate. I was frequently aware of the affection in which everyone holds each other and their school.

Other activities of the school include tutoring, arts and crafts, games, "gymnastics" (unfortunately on the pipes because of a lack of better facilities.)

This school and its programs are a beautiful effort by our community. If you have time, a station wagon or micro bus, talents and anything else you think a worthy contribution contact People's Information Center (phone 549-8626). Oh, yes, if you have a spare gymnasium....

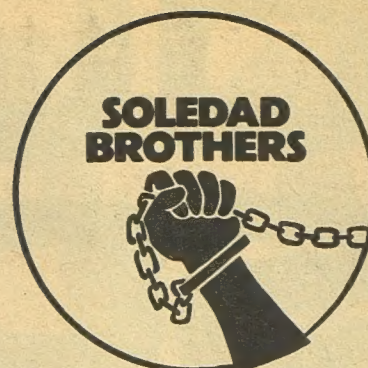
--Mary Kaye.

THE LAST WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE



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THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS DESPERATELY NEED CASH!

With the trial finally about to start, the Soledad Brothers Legal Defense team is on the verge of total bankruptcy. The outcome of the trial hangs in the balance. The Soledad Brothers have been under indictment since February 1970 (more than 18 months). The massive pre-trial assaults by the prosecution (changes of venue, gag rules, harassment, endless pre-trial hearings) have almost completely exhausted every penny raised by the defense.

The trial is now scheduled to start on August 9, 1971.

Defense attorneys expect it to last 5 months. Conservative estimates put the cost of the defense (expert witnesses, special investigators, travel expenses for witness interviews from all over the state, the bare necessities for supporting three attorneys and their staff during the trial, etc.) at \$125,000. The state will be spending many times this amount in its ruthless attempt to railroad the Soledad Brothers to the gas chamber. Your money is urgently needed to prevent a legal lynching. Please send your contribution immediately to:

THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS LEGAL DEFENSE FUND

510 North Third Street
San Jose, California 95112

I enclose _____ for the cause of justice in the Soledad Case.

_____ Please send Soledad Button (75c minimum contribution)

_____ I would like to work for the Soledad Brothers in my community. Please send information.

Name _____

Address _____



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The entire British Underground is in trouble
it needs your help—please listen

GOD SAVE OZ

Written by Lennon/Ono

Produced by John, Yoko, Mal Evans
and Phil Spector

APPLE 1835

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THY PEOPLE YOU'RE DYING

Public relief in Amerika has been designed and used to regulate poor people, not to help them. By throwing out a few pennies to those who are starving, the System has averted any great political confrontation from its victims.

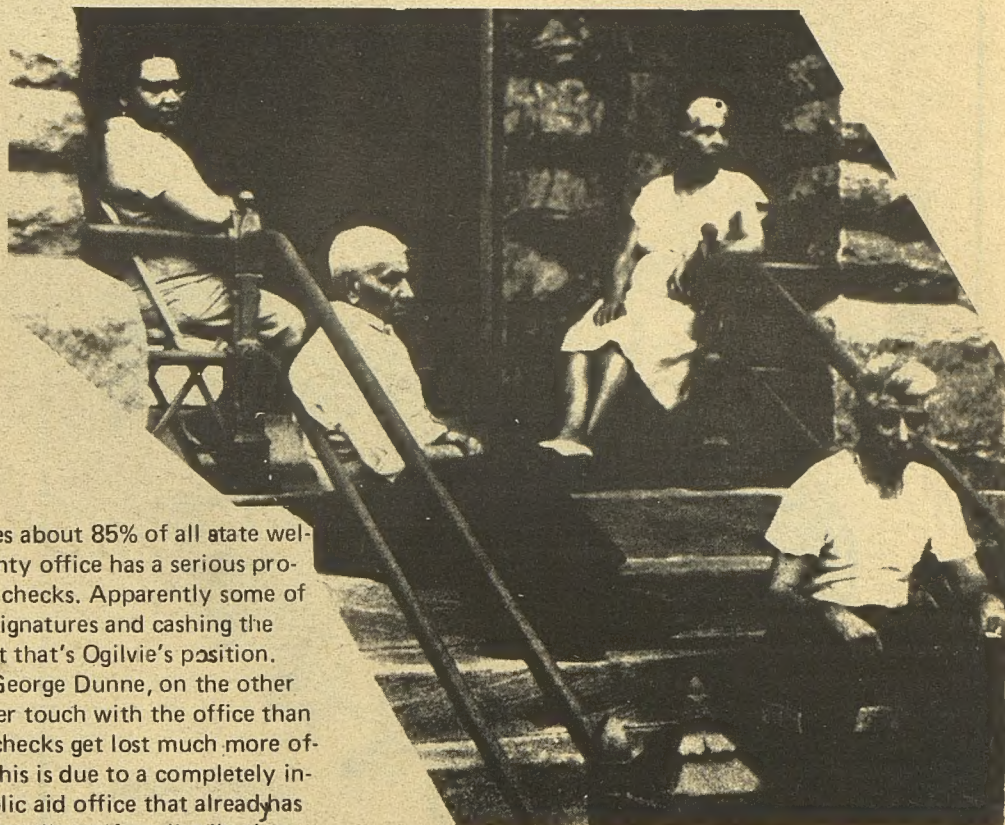
In the sixties, there was a threat of a major civil rights upheaval and in the seventies, a fucked-up economy is putting more and more people out of jobs. At the same time, the consciousness of aid as a right rather than a privilege is spreading in wider and wider circles.

So now the government finds itself in a bind. One out of ten big city dwellers is on relief. There's been a 22½ % increase in the number of welfare recipients in the past year. Since the federal government still only provides part of welfare funds, the states are finding themselves in financial binds to meet the rest of the costs. Some of the state solutions were discussed in the last issue of the Seed. California, New York, New Jersey, to name a few, are reacting pretty poorly. Having failed to provide for rising welfare costs in their budgets they're trying to handle the situation by cutbacks, disguised as "welfare reform." Cutbacks in big money interest subsidies, or increases in such areas as property tax or highway tax are, of course, not considered, since that would alienate some of the rich and powerful.

In Illinois, Ogilvie is continuing to stomp on welfare recipients. His major appropriation cuts in the struggle to balance the budget are in education and welfare. (I was in California in 1967 when Reagan was just starting the same type of program as Ogilvie's, so the cuts are revoltingly familiar). The immediate result in Illinois will be much less free health care for the poor. This is doubly ominous in view of the possibility that the few free clinics that are alive in Chicago may be forced to close by hospital and city hall interests. If you're poor, you can die in the streets.

Ogilvie wants a total welfare reduction of \$65 million--\$25 million in Medicaid and \$40 million in general assistance. He says most of the reduction is necessary because of rising costs, but no efforts are being made at all to cut down on the incredible bureaucracy of welfare administration, nor is there any investigation being made of why health care is becoming intolerably expensive. Huge drug companies are still being allowed to amass profits way out of line with their products. The AMA still has almost all the power in health areas.

Ogilvie has made it clear several times that he considers anyone who needs welfare to be less than human. Forced by liberal pressure not to completely abolish welfare, he directs a lot of energy to harassing and humiliating welfare recipients to the point of making them feel like shit. The governor has ordered John Briggs, deputy director of the Illinois Department of Public Aid, to re-examine the eligibility of all welfare recipients. Briggs hasn't disclosed yet whether people will just stop receiving checks, or whether they'll have to go see their case workers so they can be told in person and suffer insult as well as injury.



Cook County distributes about 85% of all state welfare funds. The Cook County office has a serious problem with missing welfare checks. Apparently some of its employees are forging signatures and cashing the checks themselves. At least that's Ogilvie's position. County Board President, George Dunne, on the other hand, who is in much closer touch with the office than the governor, thinks that checks get lost much more often than stolen, and that this is due to a completely inadequate staff. With a public aid office that already has far too few employees to handle welfare distribution, Ogilvie's cutbacks seem even more ridiculous and oppressive. Fewer people will be sent checks and even fewer will ever see them after they've been sent.

What about fighting back? In Milwaukee, June 25-27, other members of the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice (PCPJ) met with the National Welfare Rights Organization to map out some strategy for this Fall. When Congress convenes, people are urged to go to Washington to participate in demonstrations and direct action to defeat the Nixon "Family Assistance Plan." (FAP). FAP is a primary target because it proposes forcing people into slave labor and forcing them to put their children into government daycare centers (try to imagine what those would be like and what they would do to your children's heads').

NWRO has been pretty disgusted with the rest of the Coalition and other movement groups for ignoring black and poor needs too many times. As Mary Saroka of Milwaukee County Welfare Rights put it, "If you

continue to patronize the poor in national conferences, the poor will set you flat on your intellectual middle-class asses."

Tactics proposals that came out of the Milwaukee meeting include summer education, contacting labor unions to make sure workers understand that FAP is a union-busting plan, forcing welfare recipients to scab laborers for substandard wages (more effort to share the struggle with the working class--right on!) and, in the Fall, occupying and holding senators' offices till they agree to trash Nixon's plan. Back to D.C.!

In Chicago, you can find out more about local welfare struggles by contacting the Chicago Welfare Rights Organization, 4730 South Dorchester, 538-7080. If you're on welfare yourself, you can join the organization and help them fight it out with Ogilvie and his lackeys. Watch the straight press for further developments in local welfare oppression. You have to do a little weeding, because most of the Daily News and Sun-Times articles tend to be somewhat sympathetic to Ogilvie. The proposed People's Coalition tactics are certainly applicable to Chicago, too. Remember, welfare is a right and not a privilege.

--Virginia.



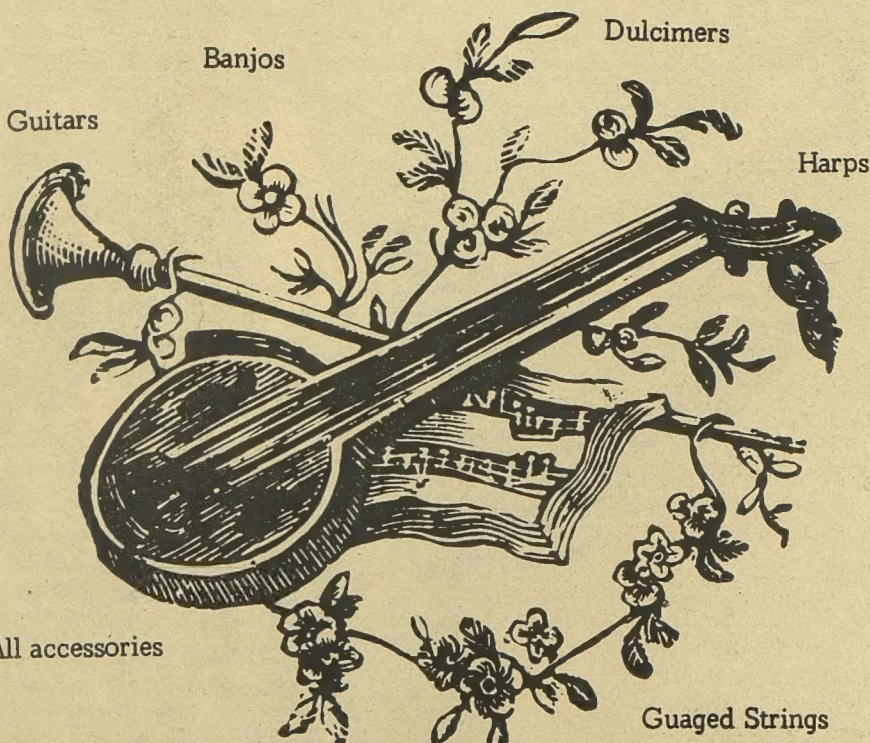
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unwilling to abolish it,
we are always tempted
to do the second best:
abolish the poor."

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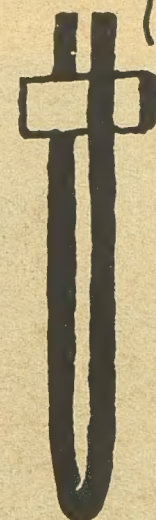
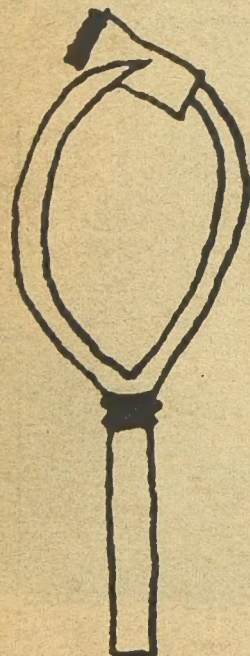
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Roaches



The Federal Food and Drug Administration disclosed on July 16 that more than 200,000 candy bars and 7,100 boxes of candy were found to be contaminated with rodents and insects. Most of the bars and all of the boxes, FDA said, have already been sold and presumably eaten. Yum-Yum!

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa--Peanuts and peanut butter have been banned by a leading Johannesburg white girls high school because they are believed to be, according to ancient taboos, sex stimulants.

Almost a year after the armed courtroom escape attempt known as the Marin County incident, Angela Davis and Ruchell McGee, the only two people indicted, had their cases severed July 18. Both are charged with murder and conspiracy to murder.

Ruchell has served eight years of a life sentence for a crime he says he didn't commit (a \$10 robbery charge). He admits to participating in the escape attempt though he denies the charge that he fired the shot which killed Judge Haley.

Angela is charged with supplying the gun that killed Haley, which makes her an accessory to the crime although she wasn't in the Marin County Court-house when the shooting occurred.

Angela's lawyer attributed the severance to the fact that the defendants were unfairly joined in the original indictment, that there were too many counsels, that there was a conflict in defense and that both defendants wanted severance.

Conflicts in defense strategy have been evident all along. Ruchell has tried to get the case moved to the Federal court--he maintains that all judges on the state level are bound to be prejudiced since a fellow state judge was killed. He has filed 19 motions and writs since his indictment but the judges have all denied his right to file them.

Angela's lawyers have tried to get bail set. But they couldn't while Ruchell tried to get the case transferred and so there have been tensions--Angela trying to get bail and Ruchell trying to qualify judges. Severance resolved the problem.

A Grand Jury is expected to convene in Madison, Wisconsin the first week in August. Ostensibly the jury will investigate the Army Math Research Center bombing in August 1970, with the hope of sending down murder indictments against the four alleged bombers, Karleton Armstrong, Dwight Armstrong, Leo Burt and David Fine.

Movement people in Madison also see the Grand Jury as another political move by State Attorney General Robert Warren (a law and order man) in his bid for governor in the next election.

In Somerville Massachusetts, some brothers & sisters decided it was about time for another draft board rip-off. Soon missing were all records of persons born between 1940 and 1949. Members of the group, calling itself Mr. Hoovers East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives, said that they liberated "all important files, along with the ledger books and minutes of the local board" and burned them.

In Philadelphia, the American Friends Service Committee, 18 individuals and the Philadelphia Resistance asked the U.S. District Court to restrain the FBI from politically harassing them and making them stop their surveillance. The suit names Atty. General John Mitchell, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, and special agent Joe D. Jamison (Philadelphia FBI head) as defendants, both in their official capacities and as individuals.

The 18 page complaint charges the FBI with illegal and unconstitutional physical violence, threats, excessive and continuous surveillance, searches, seizures, arrests and limitations on freedom of movement, electronic surveillance, intimidation of friends, neighbors relatives, employers and associates, and denial of the right to counsel.

The complaint says the FBI undertook the harassment beginning April 1st "allegedly investigating" the theft last March of 1000 files from an FBI office in Media, Pa.

The FBI had no comment on the suit.

More than one bed in five in American hospitals is standing empty--reversing a 25 year trend. That doesn't mean that fewer people are sick, or that fewer people need hospitalization--simply that no one can afford current hospital prices. According to the American Hospital Association, on an average day in 1970 (the latest figures available) 186,560 U.S. hospital beds were unoccupied, 6,784 more beds than in 1969. The AHA blames the decline, on, among other factors "the lapsed health insurance of the jobless." An unoccupied bed costs two-thirds as much to maintain as a full one--the bill for the vacant beds is \$10 million a day or \$3.6 billion a year--costs added on to the bills of other patients, pushing the cost of hospitalization up and thus creating more vacant beds in a vicious cycle. The length of hospitalization is going down--people are being sent home before they are well enough because they can't afford to stay another day.

Nixon and the Army are now crusading against heroin. Right? No, Wrong! According to Gov. Jimmie Carter of Georgia (hardly an agent of the International Commie conspiracy), the Defense Department rejected all pleas for help in his state's fight against heroin--even denying a request that GI doctors be permitted to moonlight in off-duty hours at state-supported drug clinics. He termed the armed forces offer of amnesty to servicemen who turn themselves in for treatment as heroin addicts "a hoax." Carter said that heroin addiction is up 250 per cent in Atlanta this year and attributed it to returning Vietnam veterans.

The Nixon administration is expanding the power of the nearly dormant Subversive Activities Control Board to decide whether new radical groups should be added to the attorney general's list of un-American organizations. Under a July 2nd executive order the SACB will have the power to hold hearings, based on Justice Department petitions to determine what groups should be added to or removed from the list.

Top government leaders don't even trust each other. It was recently revealed that the Joint Chiefs of Staff were so distrustful of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara that they had his phone tapped.

Friends and family of folksinger Woody Guthrie tried to make July 14th National Woody Guthrie Day and commemorate it in his birthplace, Okemah, Oklahoma with the setting aside of a wing of the town library for a collection of his manuscripts to be donated personally by his wife, Marjorie and his son Arlo Guthrie. But the president of the town bank and Chamber of Commerce, Allison Kelley checked with the House Internal Security Committee and discovered that Woody was a "Commie" in the thirties and forties. So the Okemah chamber of commerce, at a hastily called meeting, voted 7-1 against the town commemorating his birthday in any manner. Defying the chamber of commerce, both Arlo and Marjorie Guthrie came to town to present the manuscripts to the library despite the chamber.

100 members of New York Women's Liberation groups picketed the Women's House of Detention when judges started sentencing prostitutes to jail. The normal practice had been to fine them for loitering, charge them \$50 and let them go. The code of criminal procedure in New York guarantees bail in misdemeanor cases (Prostitution is a misdemeanor punishable by 90 days in jail and a \$500 fine.) But Judge Morris L. Schwalb ordered two women who were charged with prostitution to be held without bail and he set bail of \$5,000 each for two other women. The judge noted that the American Bar Association was holding its convention in midtown and that "delegates and employees cannot walk the streets without being approached by prostitutes." The pickets outside the jail were protesting the hypocrisy that first creates the conditions of no jobs, high rents and drug addiction that drives women into prostitution and then sentences them to jail while letting their "johns" and the pimps who exploit them go free.

Commerce, n. A kind of transaction in which A plunders from B the goods of C, and for compensation B picks the pocket of D of money belonging to E. ---Ambrose Bierce, The Devils' Dictionary.

Four daycare co-ops in Iowa City are struggling to stay alive after a year of hassles with the state and the University of Iowa. The Women's Liberation Day Care Collective founded the first center, Dum Dum, in June 1970 and two more centers opened soon afterwards. Shortly after that one of the centers split in two.

The daycare co-ops are free and cooperatively run by the staff of parents and volunteers. All the centers include children under three, because aside from the co-ops, there is no group care available at all for kids this age.

In September, with no warning, the co-ops got a letter from the State of Iowa ordering them to either get rid of the under-three children or shut down--because the state had no written standards governing group care of this age group. A petition campaign, a meeting with state officials and a lot of anger later, they won the right to stay open while standards were drawn up.

A group at the University of Iowa negotiated for space for the expanding centers and got the run-around. The University set up a "model" day care center for 15 children who had to pay \$50 a month. The children are experimented on and the university has invested \$60,000.

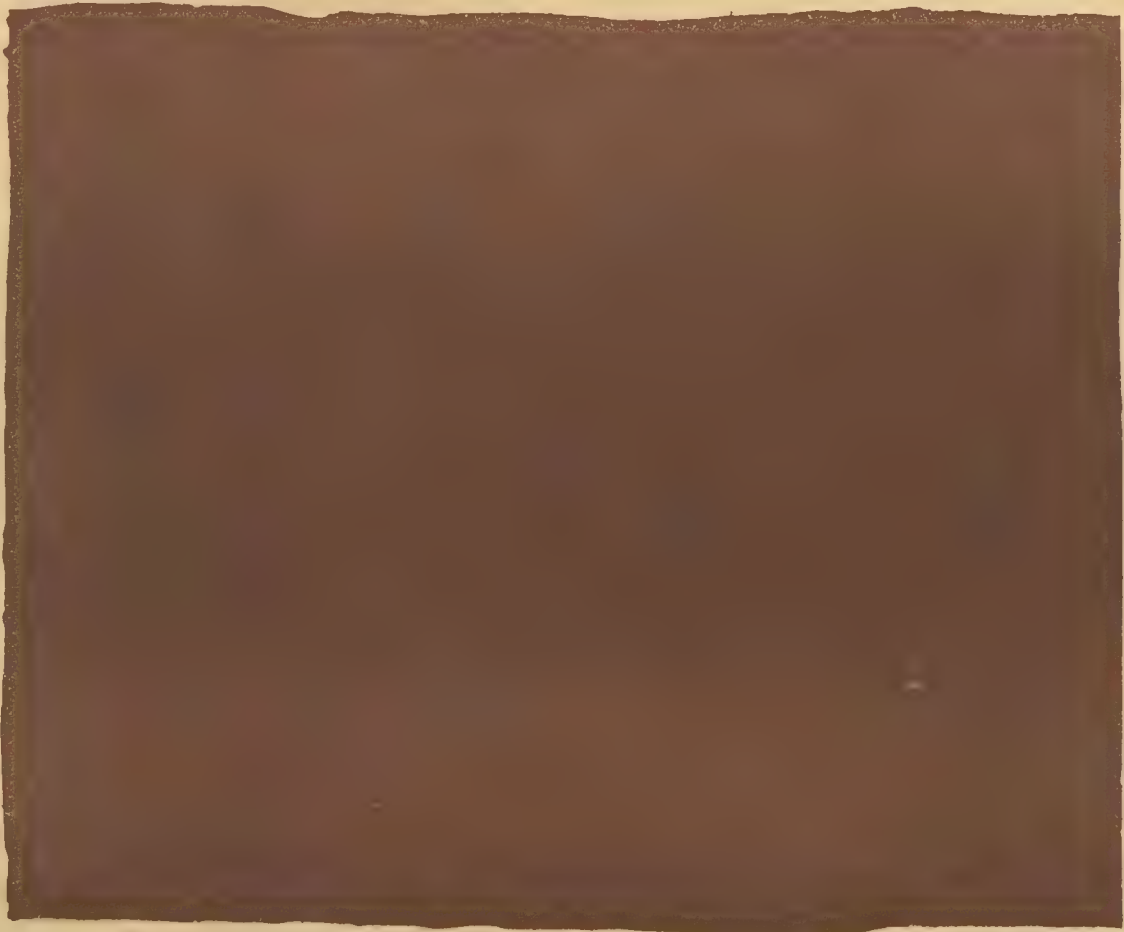
The co-op people discovered the university had several houses they owned but didn't use. They asked for them. They finally managed to lease two houses, but the university said that only students and faculty at the University may use the facilities.

The Iowa City day care co-ops need help. For more information or help of any kind, contact Kenneth Swaim, Dum Dum, 11 West Court St. Iowa City, Iowa.

a story...

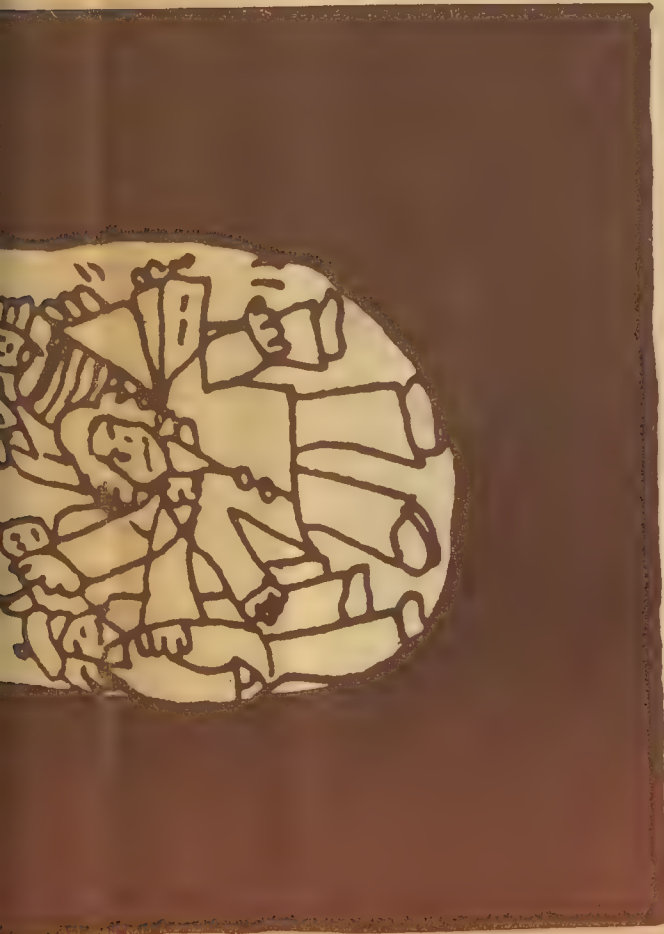


once upon a time, there
was a bunch of people
who were stuck in a hole.



attempts were made by
various individuals to
get out of the hole...





such as desperate
arm flapping...



... jumping...



... meditation and
levitation...



this went on for hundreds of
years, until they had tried
everything except helping
each other out.



so they helped each
other out...

The Bearded Lady: Going on the Commune Trip and Beyond by Richard Atcheson (John Day Company, New York) 365 pages. \$8.95.
Speed is of the Essence by Gail Sheehy, (Pocket Books) 166 pages, 95¢.
The Hippy Cult Murders by Ray Stanley (MacFadden Books) 192 pages, 95¢.

Here they come again, flooding the bookshelves. Cashing in on new trends, pandering to the curious, to the voyeurs, and—shall we say it?—to the envious. The old style of living, especially the old style nuclear family, is dead—it's over.

For those still trapped within the dying institutions there is a frantic searching for alternatives. The best descriptive phrase of their lives is boring—middle-class Amerika is literally dying of boredom—nothing but the most extreme weirdness has the power to stir emotions or awaken interest anymore.

Books like these don't describe reality—they are either the author's fantasies or what the author thinks the audience fantasizes. But in the process of being printed and distributed, they become reality—for the living arrangements and types of people they describe become real possibilities to the reader—and you often run into nouveau-hippies whose ideas and personalities come out of a hastily written and no less hastily read paperback. Media does not convey information or describe reality—it modifies and creates a new reality.

The Bearded Lady is the story of a Holiday magazine travel editor's trip through Amerika's communes—his "mystical" experience smoking a joint and "feeling part of something cosmic." His biggest fascination seems to be with sexual costumes—and he puts forth an acceptance of both multiple relationships and of homosexuality. There are occasional flashes of understanding. But not many. And those that there are get more than made up for by the naivete of the rest of the book. For someone not familiar with the idea of communal living, it won't hurt overly to spend two hours skimming this. It won't help greatly either.

Gail Sheehy is a contributing editor of New York magazine. And, as she assures us over and over and over again in Speed is of the Essence, she's actually met people experimenting with drugs, revolution and personal liberation! Speed freaks! Mad bombers! Women liberationists! Hurry, hurry, step right up for the show! It's divided into three sections: the first which is mostly about how good speed makes you feel—if anything, I think it's bound to make half the book's readers dash out to cop some speed and a needle. Of course the speed freaks portrayed come to no good end—but that's because one of them is a silly, dependent girl who needs her "Super Man" with her to cope with anything. But of course the reader could probably handle it all right. "Give me Librium or give me Meth." Far-out, eh?

Then there's the exciting second section about campus revolutionaries that probes into their psyches using the ever-present psychoanalytical method. It doesn't ever get to the extent of attributing radicalism to poor toilet training—but just about. And lastly, a section essentially on women's liberation (in a book written by a woman no less!) that conveys the impression that women just want to harass and destroy men.

The Hippy Cult Murders is a novel obviously based on the Sharon Tate murders. And while the portrayal it gives of the Manson family strikes me as so much poppycock, at least it's fun—and funny—to read. That's more than you can say for the other two.

Millions of people are picking up on, reading and taking very seriously all three of these books and a thousand others like it. The subject areas and topics are right—it's just the content and direction that's fouled up. The Movement is missing a very good bet if it doesn't get into putting together propaganda of this sort itself. For all their failings, that was the irreplaceable value of Rubin and Hoffman's books—it was something that lots of teenagers could pick up on. We need novels, comic books, political tracts, written simply and in an entertaining fashion, to reach more and more people at the youngest age possible and present an interesting alternative to Amerika.

Amerika is in the process of falling apart—what if anything replaces it depends on us.

—Bernie

BOOKS

paradise now

Seek freedom
Go. Ignore the highway drudge,
Do what beauty we are.
Afterchained flight matters too.
Create! Create!
A friend is the art poet, lyric
Musician, color worker. Indeed—
Paradise, let it come, let it
Come now.

...A book has been drawn of the Living Theatre's Paradise Now, a freeform series of aesthetic rites & confrontations; finally, three years after its premiere performance in Paris. It's much more than a book of a play. It's a textbook of the future, always changing and alterable... accentuating nonviolent creative anarchism as opposed to the violence of Control and the State. Judith Malina and Julian Beck, the Living Theatre collective's most visible protagonists, wrote it down for the rest of us to do. Paradise Now borrows from ancient Hindu texts, R.D. Laing and present political social/economic phenomena, etc. to show techniques and celebrations that may lead to a nationless world as its message forms in the thoughts of people everywhere. The work personally involves the audience and is inspiring to all those who see beauty in tearing down the walls of fear, isolation and hatred. One criticism might be the constant he/his/him orientation that appears to give women a secondary and therefore contradictory role in it all.

Reading it twice left me with a certain optimism I didn't seem to find in for-profit ventures like Hair (which is a direct rip-off from Paradise Now) or the Woodstock movie. Paradise Now is something people can get into towards creating the kind of free living and culture each of us deserves. Give it a chance. Most else in the way of theatrics or demonstrations is becoming dust-on-the-shelf material in my opinion. (Paradise Now is being published by Random House/Vintage paperback series for \$1.95).

—Uncle Martin

James Morrison 1943 - 1971

Departure.
The final voyage of the
Lizard King into
Oceanic darkness:

He gave us reality symbol of
Truth, flaming affluent sidewalks
Transiting their children into the awful
Worldpain.

See the light and burning of suns
Angelic destruction weddings
Prim and proper tuxedo gown'd floors
Fires of the wretched masses burning their beneaths

The fury storms on
Next: new journeys...
All I see is your shadow
On the cavern hall, echoes of the
Voice that saw the future we all must face

Have the stars spoken?
Is the oil in the lantern?
Is the end freedom?

A disciple seeking haven reflects
In preparation for his own resurrection.
Farewell James. Prophet. Scholar of the times.
The smile of the dark cloud triumphs.

—Uncle Martin
7/20/71

BIJOU THEATRE

The Bijou Theater opened in Old Town last week at 1349 N. Wells Street. It promises to be a welcome addition to the all-too-few theaters in Chicago showing really different films.

Its bag seems to be a careful selection of humorous, thought-provoking or satirical odd bits, that the world has passed by, gone over lightly or hasn't gotten around to yet.

The theater itself is newly remodded. The walls are streaked with bright vibrant colors—and the ceiling done in dark, heavy texture. One could be in a cave where water has exposed colored limestone in layers. The cave floor is covered with a plush yellow carpet. The Bijou is small, intimate, with seats for only 75.

For its premiere showing, the Bijou presented 3 films. First, the infamous "Checkers" speech by the Hon. Senator from California, Richard M. Nixon. In 1952, Nixon, accused of accepting illegal funds from supporters, made a speech to the nation defending his actions. He melodramatically relates his life story and financial history and condemns the corruptness of a government that permitted the loss of American lives in an Asian war (Korea). Pat Nixon adds to the ludicrous situation, remaining immobile and stone-faced throughout her husband's speech.

The second feature at the Bijou consists of portions of Lenny Bruce's appearances on 2 Steve Allen television programs. Lenny satirizes films, fads of the day (airplane glue sniffing) and gets into some "sick humor" with his sketch of a devoted son who blows up his mother and 40 other people in an airplane.

The third film, Pick My Daisy, was written and narrated by Jack Kerouac. It's all about the afternoon when the bishop came to tea at the lower East Side apartment of a railroad brakeman and his wife. There are the Catholic bishop, poet Allen Ginsburg, a saxophone player and a group of original "beatniks." They discuss holiness amid "cockroaches, peanut butter cockroaches, melted cheese cockroaches, spot cockroaches, ad infinitum. The beatnik life.

Look for the next exciting episode at the Bijou Theater. If you give them a call at 943-5397, maybe they'll tell you what it is. They wouldn't tell us. But we hope there will be more good things in store.

—Janet.

22

(NOTE: As we went to press, the next feature at the Bijou was announced—it's turning into a porn house—don't go there.)

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is Wild

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9:00 to 5:00 SAT
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FRI. AND SAT.



**Despair,
Yankee Dogs!**

FLIX



the clowns

This is not a review. My review of The Clowns is that it's worth seeing, but maybe not \$3.00 worth. It's not Satyricon or La Dolce Vita. It is, after all, a documentary about clowns. So it depends on how much you like the circus, or Fellini, or \$3.00 ...

It's fashionable for filmmakers to make films about filmmaking while they make a film, so the filming process becomes a metaphor for the content and vice versa, and both are metaphors for creation, which is a metaphor for a metaphor for a metaphor, and so on. What is Reality (Meaning, Truth, Happiness, whathave-you)? Fortunately, Fellini has never been afraid of a cliché, and he makes images that will make you feel the truth of one. *8 1/2*, made in 1963, was one of the first films about filmmaking, and his *Clowns*, not at the Cinema Theatre, has taken it another step. It's a film about metaphors.

Fellini has always structured his films around a main character, the one looking for Reality, Happiness, etc. Before *La Dolce Vita* in 1960, these characters were saints or good-hearted prostitutes who suffered trial after trial and came out smiling. Their virtue was their openness to each new situation, their refusal, or inability, to carry bitterness from one experience to the next. This was the substance of *Las Nottes de Cabiria* and of one of Fellini's most popular films, *La Strada* (1956 and 1954).

A good example of the use of film form as metaphor for content is Fellini's camera work, which has the openness of his saints and prostitutes. His scenes incorporate any detail that happens to be present, very often creating an overwhelming impression of strangeness. The scene in which a riderless horse passes Cabiria as she sits on a road at night happened spontaneously, was photographed, and went into the film. Likewise, Fellini uses varieties of camera styles; each scene requires its own treatment, even though the result is sometimes a jumbled visual impression.

La Dolce Vita is structured like Fellini's previous films, but in this case the main character, Marcello the journalist, is a human after the fall, an intellectual, an outsider, who goes through experiences unchanged because he's an observer.

The film opens with a remarkable shot of Marcello in a helicopter flying over Rome, dangling a huge plaster statue of Christ.

Marcello goes through adventure after adventure in which he fails to find anything which could make his world cohesive. A friend who seems happy in family life, for example, kills his children and himself. Marcello the journalist becomes Marcello the M.C. of a jet-set orgy that winds up on a beach examining, without awe, the corpse of a huge sea monster. Across an inlet, he sees a girl, the only peaceful element in the film, a shadow of Fellini's earlier visions, calling him. He shakes his head and turns away.

In Fellini's Toby Dammit, a drunken, washed-up actor is pursued by a travesty of a young girl, in a little girl's white dress and hair bow, but with face and hands painted white, and bright red lips and fingernails, carrying a white ball. He runs away from her in a convertible and winds up on a deserted, caved-in road. Across the abyss in the road he sees the girl calling him, and he tries to run her over. Guess what the white ball is.

Up to that point, Fellini's protagonists were always out of control in their environment. But in *8 1/2* Guido the filmmaker controls his fantasy life at least, and dreams his way through several visions of a cohesive world, also represented by a girl. Like in *Dolce Vita*, much of the lack of ... whatever ... in Guido's life is put in terms of his problems with women. Unfortunately, using women that way is a fairly common male artistic crutch. Guido's life, of course, fails to be more than a string of frustrations, but Guido is too cowardly, or too wise, to take what the girl offers. At the end of the film, Guido fantasizes himself as a ringmaster in a circus: at least as a small-time god, a ringmaster or a filmmaker, he can try for cohesion, meaning, or whatever simply by creating a world in which it exists.

Fellini's *Satyricon* was a massive attempt at that kind of creation. The mythological world it presents is overwhelming, strange, foreign, but familiar because, after all, the plot turns out to be the same: a character goes through trial after trial, even battled a minotaur, only to find an oracle that's a withered, wordless freak, a vision of family bliss that ends in suicide, an old man who cries in the desert and dies there, and so on.

The Clowns, as a documentary, contains all the elements of Fellini's films with the important exception that it has no main character, because it's cohesion comes from its topic. Because it's a documentary the open camera is even more effective because it finds things which are already familiar, like Charlie Chaplin's daughter who ran away with a magician and who shows up in the film with her magician. Well into the film Fellini introduces himself and his film crew (Of course, he spoiled the film for me at that point with some weak humour at the expense of his supposedly dumb blond script girl.) However, the crew has only one camera, and the film is edited with quick cuts from behind that one camera to in front of it, so that you have to wonder who's photographing the photographer. No matter how open your camera is, it can't photograph itself.

If I could make a metaphor for The Clowns, it would be the plot of an old grade B science fiction movie: a little boy, waking up, sees a space ship land outside his window. No one believes his story, so the invaders conquer people one by one. At the last minute, the boy wakes up to find out it was just a dream, and sees a space ship land outside his window.

—Sleezy

carnal knowledge

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE is about 2 fucked up men, many fucked up ladies, much talk about fucking, and even some fucking. It is about the zooms and blahs & cruelties of relationships--and why they never work out for Jonathan (the super-macho playboy), and Sandy (the "sensitive" one, always analyzing, groping and searching for MEANING in his relationships.)

It is about two stereotype males. But it is about all of us, too.

The movie starts as a tragi-comedy. Jonathan and Sandy are roommates at Amherst. At a mixer with Smith College (yes), Sandy is goaded by Jonathan into making an awkward pass at Susan ("you'll have to admit, she is the prettiest girl here, nice legs, nice tits...") Sandy and Susan have a "meaningful" conversation ("I hate these parties, everyone's always putting on acts."--"yes, me too, we all try to pretend we're something we're not."--but maybe we're really not pretending, maybe we really ARE just an act." --"You mean I'M an act?", etc.) Sandy and Susan are both virgins and the eventual seduction scene between them is pathetically funny ("why do you have your hand on my breast, when you know I don't like it?"--"but I like it.") We hear about what happened next from Sandy, who relates all to Jonathan ("... and then she put my other hand on her other breast" --"REALLY?")

Next scene is Jonathan in a phone booth calling up Susan for a date--which ends in a good time and a royal fuck--(camera perspective in this scene is masterful, showing Jonathan on top, humping away, and Susan's face--in shock? Certainly not in orgasm.)

And that's about the end of the comedy. From then on the film is heavy. Sandy never finds out about Susan's affair with Jonathan, which last for a few more fucks before they agree that "it's all over." During all this time, Sandy continues to confide in Jonathan, telling him how much he really loves Susan, how sensitive she is, and how "she tells me thoughts I never knew I had..." This obviously effects Jonathan, who, although maintaining throughout the film that women are only as good as their bodies, really lives in a frightening vacuum of macho. In one of the parting scenes with Susan, Jonathan screams hysterically "You tell HIM things now tell ME thoughts I never knew I had. TELL ME! TELL ME!"

Transition. Years later. Both men have made it financially. Jonathan is still comparing and getting ass/ Sandy is married to Susan and insists that it's a good marriage "she's very efficient you know, it is nice to come home to a clean and orderly house." But, he confides in Jonathan, "We do everything right. 15 minutes of foreplay. We are tender and gentle and considerate with one another...maybe people who really love each other just aren't meant to enjoy sex."

This tight-lipped confession of course make Jonathan supremely happy, and he is more than willing to fix Sandy up with another woman. (and it's no coincidence that the woman he chooses is a super-stereotype-castrating bitch).

And so it goes. Jonathan shacks up with a perfect body named Bobbie, but can't cope when she wants marriage. When one evening he arranges for Sandy to screw her, (and namby-pamby Sandy agrees), she attempts suicide, and "traps" her man that way.

More transition, and we see the two men still haven't worked out either their manhood or their relationship with women. When we last see Sandy he is trying hard to become a hippie, and find meaning in an 18 year old flower child whom he calls his "love teacher." Jonathan has become so castrated that he requires a ritual to "get it up" anymore, and the last scene in the movie is devastating.

Practically every man will identify with Sandy's and Jonathan's school days, comparing notes, "did ya get any tonight, huh?" Practically every woman will laugh during these scenes--partly out of self-defense and humiliation--seeing the reality of how men regard them. I heard several women in the theatre turn to "their man" and say, "YOU weren't like that, were you?"

Don't kid yourself, sister.

But even more painful and degrading is what their sexism does to them. Both men treated women like objects, but both men were totally dependent on them too.--Jonathan needed women to prove his masculinity to himself. And Sandy needed women to find his identity. Jonathan thought he could be fulfilled by a purely gut-passion relationship, and wasn't willing to let himself believe there was anything else. Sandy was almost without passion--and needed to justify his affairs intellectually, by telling himself that his women were helping him find himself. The difference between the two men is that, in the end of the film, Sandy is still living with his delusions., whereas Jonathan has realized what he's done to himself.

Only it's too late.

Go see this film. You will take out of it what you bring to it. I would definitely go at a time when you feel you can cope with your own relationships. Because it's not the kind of movie you can walk out of and forget.

--Diane

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Craft consignments should be picked up by Sept. 1.

It is a trip much worth taking.
 Not since '2001' has a movie
 so cannily inverted consciousness
 and altered audience perception.

—Time Magazine



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"When an individual by a consistent pattern of behavior is shown to be a clear and present danger to society, then it is society's duty to itself to isolate that individual so that he may do no more harm."

*--Attorney General John Mitchell
on preventive detention.*

Attorney General Mitchell is dead right. And one individual who has definitely shown an established pattern of behavior which clearly demonstrates his anti-social nature is U.S. President Richard Milhous Nixon. President Nixon continues to prosecute a war in which Vietnamese, Laotian, Cambodian and American people die cruelly and needlessly, President Nixon tacitly condones the almost endless atrocities which have been documented in the press. Bombing on a level never before unleashed on any people continues on the people of Indochina. Herbicides and other toxins are making Vietnam an ecological wasteland and producing mutated children in unprecedented numbers. President Nixon is waging a war of genocide.

In response to this and to Nixon's announced intentions to visit the people's republic of China, the Movement to Arrest Oppressors (MAO) and Committee for Preventive Detention (CPD) have initiated an international petition drive to:

STOP NIXON!

To Chairman Mao Tse-Tung and the People of China:

To prevent the continued wanton destruction of lives and land by the United States government, we, the undersigned, respectfully wish to express our desire that the People's Republic of China arrest the war criminal, Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States of America, when he sets foot on your land and place him under preventive detention until such time as:

- 1). A full suspension of all military, economic and political support of the Indo-China war by the United States government is attained;
- 2). All Vietnamese prisoners of war are freed;
- 3). A war crimes tribunal is established to try Nixon and all others responsible for the war.

PLEASE RETURN THIS PETITION, WHEN COMPLETED, to: Movement to Arrest Oppressors, 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago, Illinois 60614, USA.

Contact has been made with others around the country and in Europe who are interested in ending the war by the quickest and most effective means. When the first 100,000 signatures are gathered, a delegation will be sent to the Chinese embassy in Ottawa, Canada, where the petitions will be forwarded to the Peking government.



PLEASE REPRINT

Curt Flood, at the age of 33, has already been a star baseball player for the St. Louis Cardinals, an accomplished portrait painter, founder of a corporation which buys shoes and clothes for poor kids, and a successful writer.

None of these things came easily to Curt. They said he was too small to play in the big leagues, yet he was a .300 hitter nine times and was second only to Willie Mays as a defensive center fielder. He never felt at ease at school, yet his paintings and his book have been admired by a large number of people.

But Curt is only popular with some kinds of people. An official of the Missouri Human Rights Commission called Flood a "black racist." No less an authority on race relations than August A. Busch, whose Busch Brewery's hiring policies discriminate against blacks and who is the owner of the Cardinals, blasted Flood as being the kind of person causing all this trouble today.

What did Curt do to deserve all this?

When Curt Flood was traded from the Cardinals to the Philadelphia Phillies, he did what no other player had the guts to do. He sued major league baseball over whether they had the right to trade him. How can a team decide everything about a player's career without giving him a chance to see if he can play somewhere else? Why should anybody work where he doesn't want to?

When Curt asked these questions most of the players supported him, but the businessmen who own baseball teams protested that Flood was trying to ruin the game for the fans. They knew that if Flood won in court the players and fans would get a better deal but the owners might have to make a smaller profit from their teams.

In speaking of August A. Busch's reaction to his refusing to be traded, Curt wrote in his book, "The Way It is:

IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE, CURT.

"...with considerable emotion, he advised reporters that he could not fathom what was happening in our country. He declared that my recalcitrance was somehow related to the unrest on American campuses. He was absolutely right.

"It seemed to me that I saw the world with young eyes. I was offended by the disparity between American reality and American pretension. I wanted reality up-graded and pretension abolished."

Another of the things that Curt talks about in his book is racism. He talks about how he felt as a black man knowing that all teams have quotas and will only play a fixed number of black players no matter what their ability is. He talked about how there are no black managers or club executives although there are many blacks who could qualify for those jobs.

Curt talks about the days when Solly Hemus was managing the Cardinals, and Flood and Bob Gibson couldn't get a chance to play regularly although both went on to be all-stars. He talks about how Hemus

once proudly told about calling a player on another team a "black son of a bitch." It seemed that all blacks and Latin Americans looked alike to Hemus. One afternoon, Julio Gotay, the Puerto Rican shortstop made some brilliant plays. Later in the locker room, Hemus came across Bob Gibson and looked right at him and said, "Wow, Julio, you did great out there today!"

Curt talks about trying to find out why the team forced the players to live in segregated housing during the Spring training in Florida as late as 1961. He was told that the Cardinals didn't make the rules in Florida and besides it would cost too much to train somewhere else.

He also talks about how black and Latin ballplayers have to play when they're injured because they're always being accused of laziness and faking injuries. Who are the players who have the reputation for being troublemakers or for being lazy? Richie Allen, Alex Johnson, Vada Pinson, Orlando Cepeda, Mudcat Grant, and Jose Cardenal; all black or Latin.

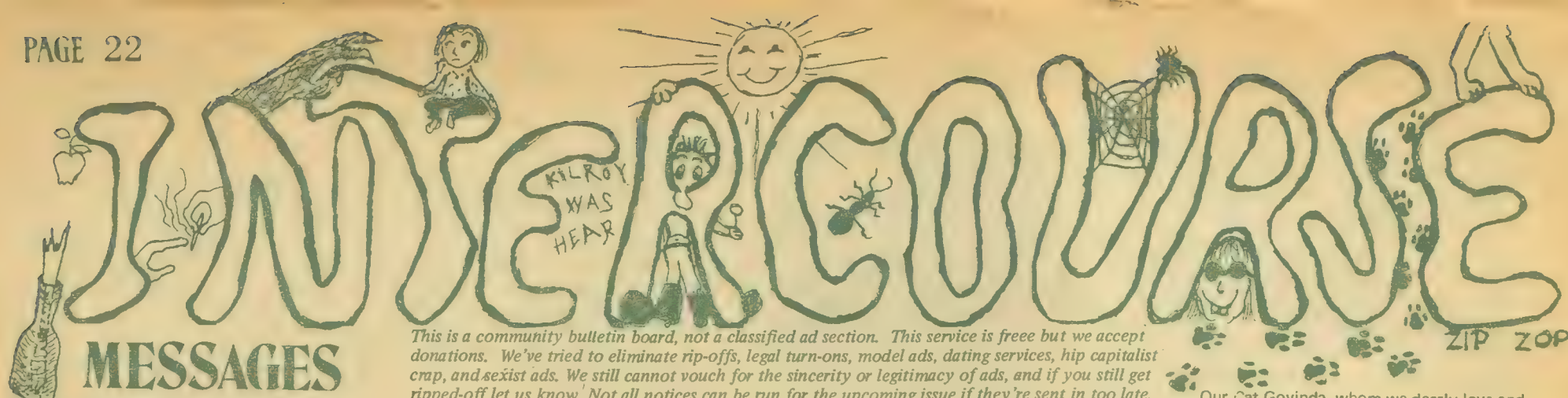
But Curt's book isn't only about black players. He talks about how all players are treated like cattle. Baseball players learn to become liars, to pretend they love everything about the game; and most importantly, they learn never to challenge the owners' authority. A player who speaks his mind, loses his job.

A player like Curt Flood is a threat, because he refuses to play the stupid smiling ballplayer who tells us to eat Wheaties and who never questions authority.

In his book, he says:

"Above all I saw life as a piece. The hypocrisies of the baseball industry could not possibly have been sustained unless they were symptoms of wider affliction.

"...The problem for all of us...is the organization of human society...Can society get no further than one man's foot on another man's neck?"



Dave the furry freak, where do you live? I got your comix. Jeri.

Sharon Cunningham call Andy again & again and

Hello to Steve Lancaster in England. Bernie

David Hanson who used to live on Winthrop Street in Chicago. Hope you are well. Please write. Wonder how you're doing. Your old friend. Yvette.

My special thanks to the Alberque N. M. comin', 3208 North Clark goin', babysitting', dope dealing', dashike wearin', gun totin', lie weildin', motherfuckin' asshole who ripped me off of 60 bucks plus fare (in the projects).--Mellow Blue Island Yellow--

Kimberly Joy-read your message in the Seed. For some unknown reason I have lost your address. Please print it again in the Seed. We can take it from there. Sandy.

Happy Birth day Mike (August 4th)--Bernie

SITA, Get Well soon, miss you around here. Rich (and the rest of the Seed gang). P.S. everyone wishes you well. Have a nice day.

Would the black girl in the red outfit who sat next to the white freak during the poetry readings at Harper Galleries on July 9 please call me at 375-0348 any evening. If I'm not there, leave your name and number. Tony.

Roger Summers--I still love you, and our baby needs a father. Please call Michelle and leave a number where you can be reached. Forget about ripping me off. We'll start all over--Jean.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John Talbot please contact Pam S. at 528-8323.

Mary--I love you--Bernie

Will the dude who gave me a ride to Wrightwood and Clark on Friday afternoon July 16th in his blue station wagon with rope holding the left door shut please call me. I think I might have left some important parts in the car in a white bag with some film--Jim--929-2357.

Dear Bill--all the dope is stashed in the top drawer of the file cabinet of Rolf Weil's office at 430 S. Michigan Avenue. Leave three or four kilos and 40 or 50 blotters there for me. --George.

James, Moira & Kate, greetings to comrades in England. Pack your bags, hurry to Chicago & join in the struggle--Power to the people.

FOR SALE/TRADE

KLH model 19. \$150? 327-1673.

OLD MOVIE POSTERS & ADS \$5 up. Great for framing. 869-5563 or Box 494, Evanston 60201

3 pure Simese kittens (papers) 8 weeks, weened 2 female, 1 male \$25 call 929-6986 before Aug. 5th.

Two charter plane tickets. New York-London (round trip) \$198 each. Leave August 21; return September 10. Call Mike 262-3652 (days) or 262-8859 (evenings.)

Like we're leaving the country soon and trying to get ourselves together, so we have to sell lots of furniture, T.V.'s, beds, tables & chairs, dressers, all sorts of house goodies. But most important, we have to sell Ginger to some good people for around \$200 or so. She's a Doberman Pincher who's little over 2 years old and needs a lot of room to romp. She's registered with the A.K.C. and has all her shots. Call Mike 764-3050.

Standell 300 watt amp. 2 10"spks. with rev. trem. Like new. Cost new \$550. Asking \$300. Biphphone electric hollow body, dble. cutaway, dble pickup, sunburst \$200. Tabla drums from India \$55. Call Mike, 734-5980.

Old view camera. 4" by 5" film size. Lens and shutter just overhauled comes with film pack. \$50. Call Barry 296-5809.

Up to my ass in water beds. Kings \$15.00 in 100 lots. COD Call Ike 305-636-5783.

This is a community bulletin board, not a classified ad section. This service is free but we accept donations. We've tried to eliminate rip-offs, legal turn-ons, model ads, dating services, hip capitalist crap, and sexist ads. We still cannot vouch for the sincerity or legitimacy of ads, and if you still get ripped-off let us know. Not all notices can be run for the upcoming issue if they're sent in too late. If your ad is dated, send it in about one month before the deadline, so as to assure its appearance. Ads aren't accepted over the phone--bring them in or mail them. When you give us the ad, include a phone number and/or address where we can reach you if there is a question. Phone & address can be withheld for the asking. We may assign Seed box numbers to ads of a possibly personal nature, to eliminate crank phone calls, etc. You may request a box number. Any mail received for box numbers will not be forwarded. You must call or come in and pick it up. After six weeks it will be discarded. Any more questions?--call Maralee at the Seed.

RIDES

Need ride to S.F. or Palo Alto around August 12th. Can't drive but can help with some expenses. Call Boxcar Berta at Li-9-5045 leave message if not there.

Ride needed--preferably with women--to California in mid- or late August. Share driving & expenses. Mary Ann 528-8279.

Ride Board--334-7668 after 5 p.m.

I need a ride going west as soon as possible. Boulder or San Francisco. Will help share expenses. Call 348-8755 ask for Denise (apt. 301). Leave a message.

One or two people need ride to California (Humboldt State College) arriving no later than August 7. Will share driving & gas. Call Charles at 338-7149 or 379-1149.

Riders Wanted --Jeri Marks Going to Colorado, August 13. 673-1174 after five during the week and any time during weekend.

If you want to tour Amerika (And Canada & Mexico) If your going on a journey like this and you need a partner, call me. I have a drivers license. 815-653-7737. Kirk Kelley, Wonder Lake, Illinois.

English student would like a lift to Bay Area Berkeley between 15th to 20th August. Going that way? Ring 528-0296.

Need ride to West, Coast, S.F. or L.A. pref. In August. Can help share expenses. Call 751-2192 ask for Marce.

Need female companion, freak, to travel thru-out the U.S. (Uniformed Soldiers). A. Share expenses. If enough bread combined, will consider Europe. Leave end of Sept., Early Oct. Hitchhike unless you have car. Send name & phone no. or address to Seed Box USA.

Need ride to or near Summertown, Tenn. 50 miles southwest of Nashville Aug. 15-17. Call Katy 475-8179. (mornings til 10 a.m.).

Going to Tucson August 6th. Will take 2 or 3 passengers. Leave message at Seed before August 5th.

CRIBS

Wanted: gay roommate 22-26 years of age \$75 a month all utilities paid. 338-1981. Ask for Ken.

Looking to share apartment 1108 W. Glenlake Ave. (6100 North). Tel. 262-3604. Ask for Steve or Bill. \$40 a month.

If you need a place to stay, aren't into getting a full-time job, and can dig caring for a 6 month old child, try us. We can work it out. 3335 N. Pulaski, 282-6053.

Woman 20 years of age wishes to share an apt. with another woman 16-30 years of age. Apt. would be located in Maywood or adjacent suburb. No color preference. Call 678-6893.

MUSIC

Experienced drummer looking for established working group (Hard rock preferred). Call after 5 p.m. Phone 677-7781 and ask for Mark.

Bass Player wanted Jerry 235-5486.

Experienced female drummer and singer wanted for rock group. Call Peggy 448-1436.

Guitarist 17 years old. Plays electric and acoustic rhythm and some lead, some keyboards, wants to form or join a country rock 'n roll band doing mostly original songs. If interested, call Rick at 221-5102.

WANTED: experienced creative hard working drummer with time available for original band. Northwest Suburban area. If interested and serious send us your resume to Box 66 at the Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

Lead Guitar and drummer looking for bass player and singer for Zeppelin type group also blues and whatever. Call Paul 376-6045, Blinky 247-2311.

Flute players wants to join or form group. Also wants to just jam Call John 379-7990.

HELP!

FRITZI ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is in desperate need of supplies. They are at Wilton & Diversey and their phone is 348-8578. If you have any of the following stuff, please donate it: isopropyl, alcohol, vaseline, thermometers, cotton balls, manila folders, pens, pencils, dry markers, mimeo paper, (all different colors), plastic bags (big and small), brooms mops, bars of soap, toilet paper, paper towels, paper clips, rubber bands, reams of paper, scotch tape, band aids, gauze, disinfectant, sponges, paper cups, sheets (cut in 1/2 and stitched) cotton gowns--split down back (for examinations), shelf paper, 2 by 4s, lumber, plywood.

SEED GIGS

Wanted: job with gay establishment or person. Phone 338-1981 ask for Pa Ken. Late evening.

Make money--sell Rising Up Angry. 50% profit--buy them for 12 1/2 cents a copy--sell them for a quarter. Pick up your copies at the Rising Up Angry office--2744 N. Lincoln from noon to 6 p.m. every day.

Young man, 18 years old, needs job. Will accept just about anything. Call Greg at 262-2279 anytime.

Writer needs bread desperately. Poetry, free verse plays, short stories, etc...mine or write to order Call Tony 477-0355 between 5 and 9 or 935-7238. after 9.

Make money--sell the Seed. You make 15 cents on each copy. Pick yours up at 950 W. Wrightwood, 2nd floor any day between 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. Other times, call 929-0133 to see if anyone is here.

Young man 18 will do any kind of work that will earn him \$50 or more per week. Call Tony 935-7238 after 9. Will be available for work anytime after 5.

FREE

Treasure Island, a grocery store 3460 N. Broadway, is willing and happy to give away FREE produce and bread. Most is perfectly edible.

2 adult cats to loving home. Male & female, both fixed/ have shots. The male, Chlorox is all white, Brilla is smoke. They are affectionate & playful. Please help us find a home for them. 327-1752 or 327-8044.

Month old 1/3rd siamese kittens. Nice looking. Call morn. or at night. 261-1577. Mo.

Must find loving home for my two loving cats. They are declawed and altered, 1 and 2 years old, male and female. She's a tri-colored calico and he was given to me at the Joplin concert last summer, so you know he's far out. They're no trouble and extremely affectionate. I'm moving to California and in addition can't ignore allegory to them any more. Please help, call Diane at 472-5359.

"Is there an invisible influence upon our lives? Learn to master the subtle forces that determine our destiny. Write for the free book, THE MASTERY OF LIFE. Scribe C.S.E., Esoteric Order, San Jose Calif. 95114.

Our Cat Govinda, whom we dearly love and who, we are sure, returns this feeling, had the misfortune of getting knocked up by one of the toms in the neighborhood and will soon be an unwed mother. We share her trepidations about bringing new life into an uncertain world where so many walk alone and uncared for. Also, we already have four cats, including dear Govinda, and that is six mouths to feed, including ours. So we would like to make sure her children will go to exceptional homes in order to ease the burden of her already troubled mind. We know her children will be beautiful, as Govinda is a lovely girl, gray with black stripes, brown underneath and the disposition of a saint. She could not help but pass these attributes on to her children. Will you help Govinda's mind rest in peace? Adopt a kitten. To get on the waiting list, call Pat 327-1969 or write Seed--Govinda.

WANTED

LSD

An early album by the Deep Purple, two of the tracks included are: "Kentucky Woman" and "Hush" Will pay up to 15 dollars depending on album condition. Call 969-3769 for Mike or Terry.

If anyone has a tape or pics of Siegel-Schwail concert some time in March at Northwestern U. (It was a gay lib benefit) that they would be willing to give up or lend could they please contact for re-taping Francisco at 869-7017 and leave message.

Seed staffer needs free mimeograph machine for nefarious purposes. Contact Mr. Natural, at 929-0133.

Finishing Free Youth Hostel. Desperately need paint. Will pick up Latex or Oil Base. Phone 226-0907.

Does anyone have a spare mattress or maybe a boxspring? Have no money, but am willing to trade some record albums. Sue, 929-6314.

Wanted: Artists to decorate clothes on commission. Dan Ruck, 935-1223 after 5.

I WANT MY KITTY-KAT BACK--and I want it NOW!--Jamie.

Wanted--one boy's bicycle in good condition 3.5, or 10 speed--will pay reasonable price according to condition and speed--call 787-5847 and leave information at desk for Apt. 911. Needed desperately--Thanks.

MISC.

Women's History Library, 2325 Oak Street, Berkeley, California. 94708, send stamped return envelope for info.

I would like to muralize your wall--Joe at 973-7449.

Offer limited. Send your dollar NOW to Box 88, 950 W. Wrightwood. Hurry, supply limited.

Two week training program in Colorado to help set up Hotline on 25 different campuses. INTERESTED? Write Mrs. Betty Jo Tucker c/o Research Researches INs

Two week training program in Colorado to help set up Hotline on 25 different campuses. INTERESTED? Write Mrs. Betty Jo Tucker c/o Research Services Institute, Southern Colorado State College, 900 W. Orman Avenue, Pueblo, CO 81004 immediately for the deadline is August 2. 303-545-4220, ext. 56.

Any Gay sisters and brothers interested in working on a planned revolutionary street sheet contact Richard Chinn or John Cantrall at 348-8755 (ask for them) or Fiery Flames, c/o Cantrall/Chinn 628-W. Buckingham number 304, Chicago. 60657.

Anyone interested in helping out or doing the h.s. page next year call the Seed and leave a message for Jeri.

THE VINEYARD, a community from which no one is excluded, seeking to serve Christ and our fellow men, chapters in other cities; write: The Vineyard, Apt. 407, 20 East Delaware, Chgo. 60611. Phone 944-4970.

Student photographers, creative writers, artists cover designers and interested student section editors wanted to contribute creativity to an innovative yearbook, the Indiana University--Northwest Campus TRACES 1971-72. Drop by the yearbook office in the student building.

Tana,
the Moon,
fell in love with
Lucifer, the Sun,
who was turned
out of Paradise
for his pride.
As a result of
the union
of brother
and sister,

a daughter
Herodias
was born,

who was the female messiah
of the witch cult.

ACID:

North Side-Rogers Park--grey blotters from California
\$1.50. per hit.

PURPLE MICRODOTS--North Side ones are real good.
Half tab enough for a trip. \$2 a hit. On the South Side
BEWARE--Purple microdots there contain much strych-
nine.

GREEN BROTHERHOOD ACID--real good. North
Side, Rogers Park.

WEED

From the lone star state of Texas. \$125 a lb.

MDDA BULLETIN: Rush emergency supplies to
Carbondale Illinois. One righteous dealer there
tells us that the people are desperate down there.
Let's not disappoint them. "Our high is in your hands."
You're in good hands with the MDDA!



W.I.T.C.H. --- M.D.D.A.

THEM FABULOUS FURRY FELLOWS BRUTHERZ

IT SAYS HERE THAT INFLATION IS MAKING FOOD PRICES GO UP LIKE CRAZY!

WE OUGHTA TAKE ALL OUR MONEY AND BUY A MONTH'S FOOD AT ONCE!

I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!

SNATCH!

SLAM!

SOME TIME LATER...

HEY FELLOWS! COME LOOK WHAT I BOUGHT!

A TWELVE-GAUGE SHOTGUN!

YOU SPENT OUR FOOD MONEY ON A GUN? YOU MORON.

YOU STUPID SHIT! WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?

FOR \$69.95!

NAW, PONTCHA SEE, NOW I CAN GO OUT AND KILL THINGS FOR US TO EAT!

KA-CHONK!

YOU'VE NEVER OWNED A GUN BEFORE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH ONE!

SURE! JUST GO OUT AND SHOOT DEER AND TURKEYS AND THINGS!

YOU ASSHOLE! YOU'RE JUST WANTING TO GO OUT AND KILL SOME LITTLE INNOCENT CREATURE!

NAWWWW! I'M SERIOUS! I PROMISE I'M GONNA EAT EVERYTHING I KILL!

DUM DA DUM! THE FEARLESS HUNTER STALKING WILDEBEEST IN KENYA!!

HEY, MOTHERFUCKER! QUIT POINTING THAT THING AT ME!!

FREE THE 8.7 23.99 11.45.34

AW, DON'T GET UP TIGHT! IT'S NOT EVEN LOADED!

WAH!! I BRING IN TH' BUFFALO!

MANUAL OF ARMS:
RIGHT SHOULDER, ARMS!
PARADE, REST!
PRESENT, ARMS!

WHOOOPS!

BAM!

YOU KILLED IT. NOW EAT IT!

HEY, THESE "ROOF RABBITS" AREN'T SO BAD ONCE YOU GET USED TO THEM! YOU SURE YOU GUYS DON'T WANT ANY?

WE GOT ANY MORE CATSUP?

G. SHEPSON 1/70

FAT FREDDY'S CAT

GOT ME A NEW WATER BED!

NOW TO FILL IT UP WITH WATER!

ALL FULL! NOW FOR A LITTLE SNOOZE!

OH, I UNDERSTAND NOW! IT'S A PIECE OF FURNITURE!

THAT MEANS IT'S HERE FOR ME TO EXERCISE MY CLAWS ON!

ARCH!!

KEEP ON PEDALIN'



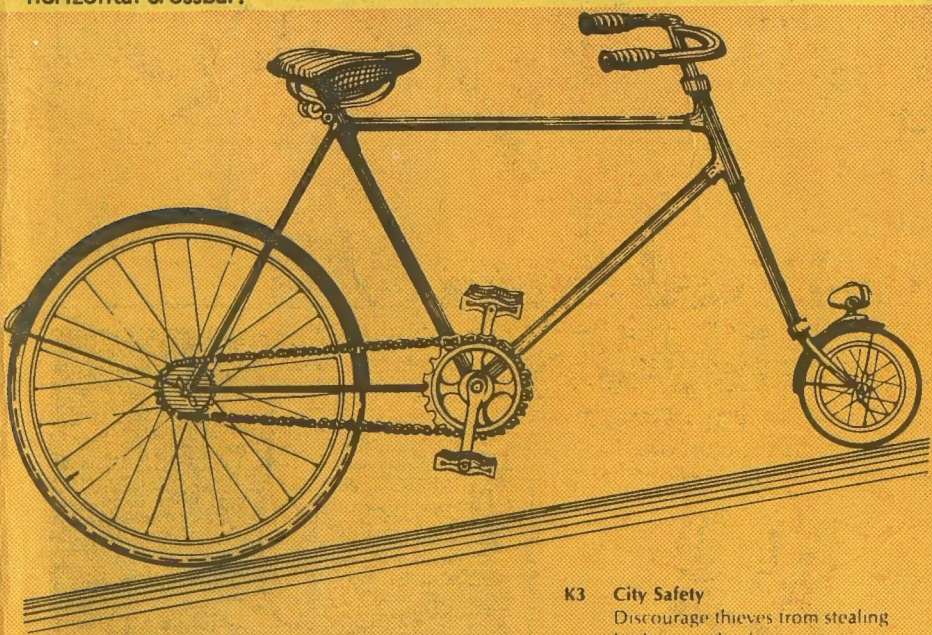
How to Buy a Bicycle

Bicycles are fun. They're also healthy, cheap to operate, and ecologically clean.

Can ya dig it? Well, if ya can now you have some choices to make. Should you buy a three-speed touring model, or a ten-speed racer? A new or used one? The answers depend on how much you want to spend how often and how far you'll be riding and where you'll be pedaling.

There are four general types of bicycles :

CLASS 1: Racing Bicycle--this machine weighs 20 to 25 pounds, features sewn-up tubular tires 27" X 1" or 1 1/8", derailleur gears, 10 to 15 speeds, front and rear rim brakes, dropped handle bars, and all metal pedals. There's a rub, though: the prices range from \$150 to \$300 since most are custom assembled. No open frames are available--only boy's bikes with the horizontal crossbar.



K3 City Safety
Discourage thieves from stealing both your wheels.

CLASS 2: Club Bicycle--This bike weighs 25 to 30 pounds, features clincher rim light sports tires (with tubes) 26" or 27" x 1 1/4", derailleur gears 8 to 15 speeds, front and rear rim brakes, dropped handle bars, and all metal pedals. A variety of frame sizes (some open frame) are normally carried in stock. Prices range from \$75 to \$130.

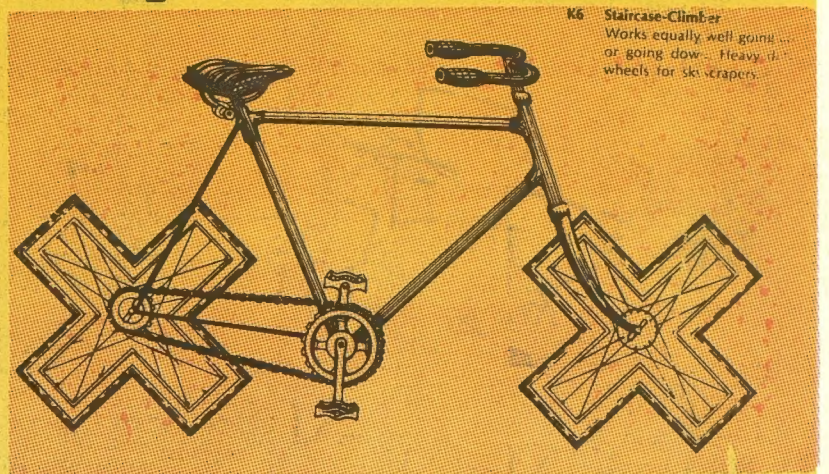


K9 Reactionary Bike
Ride backwards and let the other fellow worry about what's coming.

CLASS 3: Roadster Bicycle--Also called English racer. This bike weighs 30 to 40 pounds, features leather or plastic saddle with springs (the first two classes have unstrung leather saddles), clincher rim tourist tires (with tubes) 26" x 1 1/4" or 1 3/8", three speed internal hug gear, front and rear rim brakes, flat or slightly raised handle bars, and rubber pedals. Regularly stocked in several frame sizes (both open frame and horizontal cross bar). Prices range from \$40 to \$65.

CLASS 4: Balloon Tire Bicycle--This monster weighs 50 to 65 pounds and is really hard to pedal. Prices range from \$30 to \$80.

The racing bicycle is recommended only to those who are highly experienced, conditioned and wealthy. The three speed Roadster Bicycle is fine for traveling over fairly flat areas and for jaunts but is not recommended for any long distance traveling. The Club Bicycle has most of the energy-conserving features of road racing machines, yet is far lower in price. This bike is the most highly recommended of the lot and, although the price might be a bit high, it should be seriously considered if you plan to do any long or hilly commuting.



K6 Staircase-Climber
Works equally well going up or going down. Heavy-duty wheels for skyscrapers.

No matter what bike you choose, some extra-cost features merit consideration. Head lights and tail lights are musts for night riding. Also a luggage rack or basket will come in handy. And ask the dealer for a bike with center pull brakes. They cost a little more than the sidepull variety, but you stop twice as fast.

Be sure to ask about frame sizes. If the dealer dismisses their importance, buy elsewhere. The ratio between your frame and the bike's is critical. If the bike frame is too small, you'll tie yourself in knots. If it's too big, you'll be groping for the pedals. Frames measure from the center of the sprocket (where the pedal crank intersects the frame) to the point where the seat post fits into the frame. If you're six feet tall, get a 24 inch frame.

Once you find a bike you like, test ride it. Adjust the seat so that your leg extends fully, with the instep of your foot on the pedal. Raise the handlebars to the same height as the seat. If you need to boost the seat more than a few inches, try a bigger frame.

If you want to buy a second hand bike, the first thing you should do is find out what you'd have to pay for a new bike of the type you want before shopping for a similar used one. A used bike in good condition will cost as much as 75% of its original price. If it's older and slightly battered, resale value drops to about 50%. In addition, subtract costs for any immediate repairs.

Check the same things you would in buying a new bike. Make sure gears shift easily. Spin the wheels; they should be running smoothly, without grinding noises from the bearings. Wobbly tires that rub against the frame mean rims are bent. Worn or cracked tires must be replaced. Check the chain and sprockets for rust. If you're not sure about a machine's mechanical condition ask to take it to a repair shop for an expert opinion.

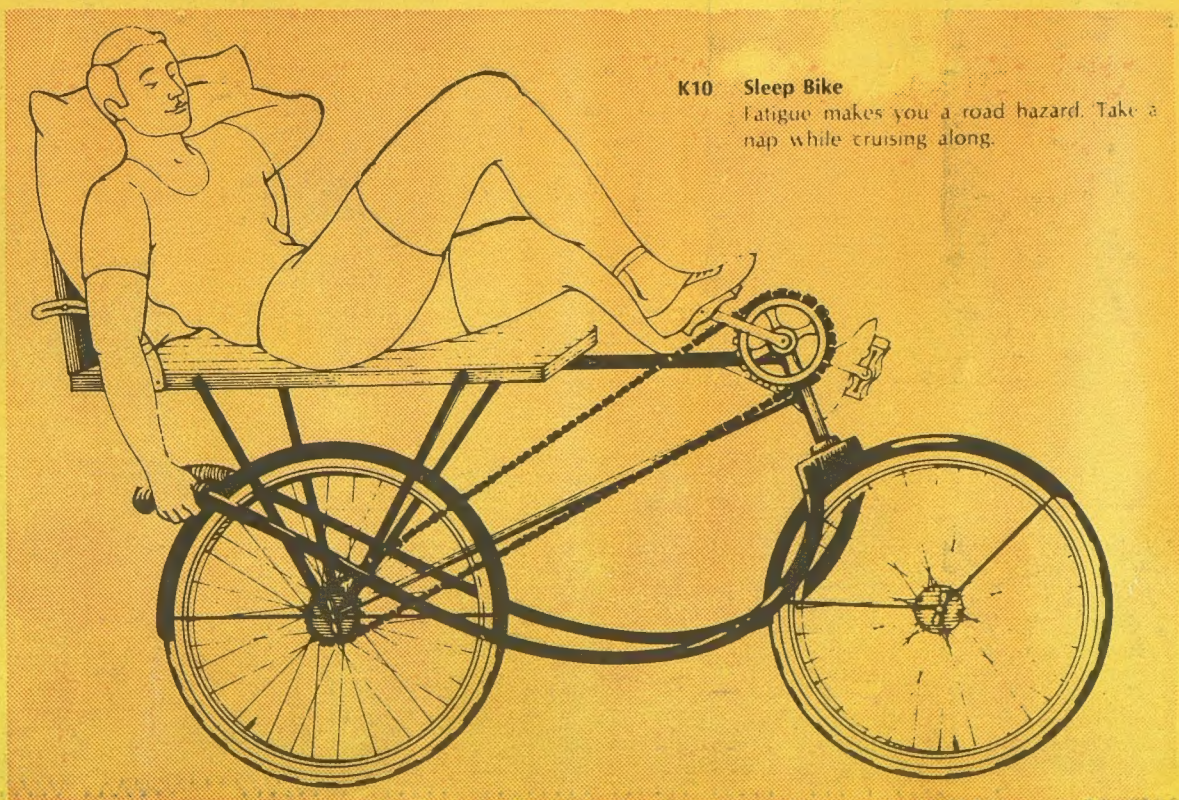
--Pittsburgh Fair Witness/LNS

In Chicago, a very good place to buy, rent, or fix a bicycle is the Turin Bicycle Co-op at 2112 N. Clark Street. They are open Monday-Friday from noon to 8:30 p.m. and Weekends from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Please don't buy bicycles that you know are ripped-off (If someone is offering you a good looking bike for \$15, you can be almost sure that

it is). A bicycle is one of the worst things that people can rip-off: cars are often insured and when the insurance money comes in, the owner can get a new vehicle. Bicycle owners usually can't really afford to buy a new bike.

The Seed will be happy to run free ads on the Intercourse page for people wanting bikes or having used bikes to sell. Send them in to 950 W. Wrightwood.



K10 Sleep Bike
Fatigue makes you a road hazard. Take a nap while cruising along.

Illustrations are from *Catalog of Fantastic Things* by Jacques Carelman, Ballantine Books



SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 Frank Little, IWW organizer, lynched 1917	2 Died 1903, Calamity Jane, frontierswoman, expert in 'masculine attributes'	3 Died 1948, Rosika Schwimmer, Hungarian feminist, refused US citizenship.	4 Wheatland, Calif. hop strike, IWW, 1913	5 Ericka Huggins, Rose Smith, Margaret Hudgins go on hunger strike in Conn. prison.	6 Hiroshima, 1945	7 International Socialist Congress, Zurich, 1893
8 Have a nice day	9 Nagasaki, 1945	10 1970: 200 women hang "Women of the World Unite" banner on Statue of Liberty	11 Voline born, Russia, 1882	12 Abominable Snowman sighted in Wyoming, 1971	13 Watts revolt, 1966	14 First trade unions organized 1833
15 Revolutionaries kill 46 policemen, Warsaw, 1906	16 Caserio killed, 1894	17 IWW war trial, 95 to prison for up to 20 years, 1918	18 Born 1587, Virginia Dare, Roanoke, Virginia	19 Earth abandoned, 2014	20 IWW free speech fight, Fresno, 1909.	21 Nat Turner slave insurrection, 1831
22 Albert Brisbane born 1809	23 Sacco and Vanzetti state murder, 1927	24 Marijuana legalized, 1973	25 Battle of Lincoln Park, 1968	26 Charlie Parker born, 1920	27 California falls into the ocean, 1971	28 Leo Tolstoy born, 1828
29 Born 1815, Anna Ella Carroll, military genius of Lincoln's cabinet	30 National Trades Union, 1834	31 1971: extra-strong vibrations between all Aries and Geminis who happen to be West of the Mississippi.				